Double Trouble by PuffyPhantom

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Summary:

Vlad has been tasked to watch over Danny while the rest of the Fenton family is out.
Saying he has his work cut out for him is a severe understatement.

(This work is incomplete and will remain unfinished.)

Relationships: Danny Fenton/Vlad Masters
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Double Trouble

Author's Note:

> As mentioned, this is an incomplete work, but I wanted to upload it and share because I'm pretty happy with what I had going on (which is extremely rare for me, lol). Also, so far, this is the only time I've written Vlad as not a total creep (a massive difference to how I usually portray him), so that's... interesting, I guess.
>
> I hope you can still enjoy it, even if it is not finished.

Vlad knocked on the front door of the Fenton's home and then promptly checked the time on his watch. It was about half an hour past five in the evening—right on schedule. He could only hope that Danny was also punctual on his expectations. By now, the teen should have completed his set of chores for the day, if he knew what was good for him.

He heard some clattering coming from inside along with the sound of hasty footsteps. Frowning, Vlad lifted his hand to knock on the door again when it swung open.

Danny was there to greet him—as expected—and Vlad immediately noticed something was off about him. The teen wasn't wearing his usual set of clothes. His faded jeans and worn-out shoes looked familiar, but the unbuttoned flannel shirt was new… and atrocious. As was the white tee with the odd logo in the center. Yet most appalling of all had to be the baseball cap that he was wearing backwards—*indoors*.

"Oh, hey," Danny drawled with a lazy smile, leaning nonchalantly against the doorframe with his arms crossed. "If it ain't the spiffy mayor of Amity Park. 'Sup, dude?"

As astute as Vlad was, it didn't take a genius to realize something was abnormal about Danny's behavior as well as his choice of attire. Vlad held fast to his suspicions. "Good evening, Daniel. As I'm sure you're

aware, I'm here to look after you for the remainder of the day."

Danny stared at him for a moment, appearing confused. Then, his lips curled into another wry smirk. "Ah, riiight. You're here to 'look after me', huh?" he repeated with sarcastic air quotes. "Is that, like, our new code phrase for when we're gonna fu—"

"May I step inside? Thank you," Vlad interrupted, not caring to wait for an answer as he made his way past Danny.

He looked around. The house appeared clean and orderly enough, as far as Vlad could tell. There were no signs of previous misconducts of any kind that would suggest some sort of experiment that had gone awry. Skeptical, Vlad turned to face Danny.

Danny closed the door and leaned his back against it. "Oh, I was gonna say, I know you're, like, pretty old school, but y'know there's these things called doorbells now? Yeah, they ring and let the people inside know that someone's at the door, that way you don't hafta knock."

Vlad peered at him. "Why are you talking like that?"

"Uhh, like what?"

"Like an insufferable adolescent with an IQ lower than the ground," Vlad muttered, walking up to Danny and snatching the hat from his head.

"Hey! Not cool, man," Danny whined.

Vlad noticed something else then, at the back of Danny's neck. "Turn around," he demanded.

Danny pulled a face. "Why?"

"Because I told you to."

"Can I have my hat back first?"

"You'll get your cap after. Turn around, Daniel."

“Sheesh.” Danny rolled eyes and did as he was told. “Want me to bend over, too?”

Ignoring Danny crude comment, Vlad focused on his new discovery. It was Danny’s hair. The length of it, anyway. It had grown past the normal amount that Danny usually kept it at—bizarre considering Vlad had seen the teen just the other day. It couldn't have grown out so quickly. Vlad reached out to tug on it in an automatic reflex to make sure it was real.

“Ow!” Danny interjected. “Okay, dude, I always knew you had a thing for pain, but can you, like, save that kinda stuff for the bedroom?”

Vlad concluded that Danny’s hair was, indeed, as genuine as the irritating way he was speaking. He straightened up and handed Danny back his cap when the teen turned back around, still scrutinizing what he was seeing.

Danny adjusted the cap as he replaced it on his head. “Jeez, you're acting totally weird today, fruit loop.”

Vlad furrowed his brows. “You’re one to talk. And speaking of, I’d really rather you wouldn’t.”

“Pshh, whatever. Anyway, I did my chores, ‘kay? The lab’s clean, my room’s clean, my homework’s done,” Danny said as he mockingly counted each task on his fingers while he dragged his feet across the living room.

“Is that right?” Vlad asked apathetically with a narrowed stare as he watched Danny move.

“Yup. You can check if ya want. And after you’re satisfied, how about you and me get up close ‘n personal right here on the couch?” Danny grinned and plopped down onto the sofa, slouching into its cushions.

“I don’t think so,” Vlad answered curtly, turning his nose up at the way Danny had spread his legs apart.

“Aww, c’mon. The ‘rents won’t be back until way later. And we don’t even have to worry about Jazz since she’s staying at some lame

volunteer thing for the night. This is a once in a lifetime opportunity right here."

As right as he was, the way Danny was acting had Vlad appalled by the suggestion. "Absolutely not."

"Okay, seriously, the heck is with you, man? You're usually drooling all over me and waiting to get a piece," Danny said, standing up and walking right up to Vlad. "And now that it's served to you on a plate, you don't want it?"

"Excuse me? I do not 'drool' over anyone."

"Right, right. So, I guess I was just imagining all those times when you used to ogle my mom?"

Vlad scowled. "Looking fondly at another and appreciating them for their character is not ogling."

"Whatever helps you sleep at night, dude. Which, by the way, I gotta pretty good idea on how to do that," Danny said, snaking his hand underneath one of the lapels of Vlad's suit.

Vlad grabbed Danny's wrist. "There is something amiss about the way you're behaving, and I'm keen on finding out why. A sudden personality change could indicate something serious."

"I have, like, no idea what you're saying, but you're kinda cute when you're worried about me."

"Have you been injured recently? In any way?" Vlad asked, grabbing Danny by the chin and carefully turning his head to check for any signs of trauma.

Danny chuckled. "Nope."

"Not even while you were out fighting ghosts?"

"Nah. I haven't even had the need to fight any."

"What about your mood? Have you noticed yourself feeling troubled or—"

“Dude, I’m *fine*.”

Baffled, Vlad let go of him. He wondered if Danny was going into natural shift due to his age. He was a teenager, after all. Maybe Danny was simply going through a rowdy phase. Though, he figured Maddie or Jack would’ve brought it up when they called him earlier. And that wouldn’t explain Danny's sudden hair growth, either.

Danny scoffed. “Can you stop acting like such a killjoy? I told you, I’m one hundred percent, completely and totally A-OK,” he said, holding up an “OK” gesture with each hand.

“I beg to differ.”

“C’mon, is this *really* what you wanna be doing right now?” Danny teased while guiding one of Vlad’s hands to his hip and then wrapping his thin arms around him, resting his chin on his chest to dreamily look into his eyes. “If you wanna worry about somethin’, how about you worry about how sore I’m gonna be after you—”

“How about I call your parents instead and ask them return home,” Vlad said with a clipped tone as he felt a headache coming on. He gently pushed Danny away by the shoulders.

“What? No! Dude, you better not,” Danny argued. He sighed, appearing defeated. “Okay, fine. You’re obviously not in the mood, but let’s have some fun at least, yeah? We can go to the movies or go bowling, maybe?” He shrugged. “I’ll let you pick.”

“What we’re going to do is find out what’s wrong with you. And perhaps your father has something down in his lab that will let me do just that,” Vlad said, grabbing Danny by the arm and tugging him towards the direction of the basement.

“But there’s nothing wrong with me!” Danny groused.

“There is, and I’m going to find out what—”

Vlad grunted in surprise when his shoe caught something, causing him to trip. Feeling himself falling while he held onto Danny, he acted on instinct and braced himself for the landing, moving his body as best he could to cushion the impact for the teen. A loud thump and

a couple of curses followed, and Vlad groaned as a dull, throbbing pain radiated from the back of his skull when he landed on his back. He blinked his eyes open and saw Danny had ended up on top of him. He appeared okay, sans the obvious.

“Oops. I thought I was missing somethin’ when I was cleaning up,” Danny said casually. He sat up, straddling Vlad’s waist.

Slightly dazed, Vlad held his hand against his head, grabbing Danny’s thigh with the other without thinking.

Danny looked at Vlad’s hand and smirked. “Oh, so you really *are* feeling it, too, huh? I knew you couldn’t resist me,” he said, poking Vlad’s chest.

“Daniel, I politely request that you get off of me so that I may continue with—”

“Don’t worry, V. I can take it from here.” Danny said as he hastily unbuttoned Vlad’s suit jacket. He pushed the fabric aside to reveal Vlad’s shirt and then moved on to undo his tie.

“*Enough*,” Vlad said sternly, snapping his hands to Danny’s and ceasing his advances.

“Oh, come on,” Danny pleaded, tearing his hands away to prop himself up and lean down to nip at Vlad’s chin. “You haven’t even given me a kiss hello.”

“Daniel,” Vlad warned, trying to not let his irritation get the better of him and forcefully push the teen away.

“It’ll be a quickie. I promise. Pretty please?” Danny took Vlad’s bottom lip in between his teeth, playfully tugging on it before letting go. “I want you so bad,” he whispered desperately, grinding down on Vlad and rubbing their groins together.

“You libidinous little hellion,” Vlad muttered against Danny’s lips, grabbing him by the shoulders and preparing to throw him off.

Danny hummed out a moan. “I have no idea what you just said, but the way you talk is such a turn on.” He reached down between them

to cup Vlad through his slacks. “Man, I can’t wait to have this thing inside me.”

Vlad let out a quiet groan as his body naturally responded to the stimulation, much to his chagrin. “The only ‘thing’ that’s going inside you is my ghost when I overshadow you and force you to behave.”

“Yeah? That sounds kinda hot, actually,” Danny said breathlessly, removing his hand to continue rubbing himself against Vlad over their clothes.

“*Daniel*—”

“Oh man, I think I can come just like this. I’m, like, super horny right now—”

“*Did somebody say ‘super’*?”

Vlad and Danny both turned their heads up to the direction the extra voice had come from.

Danny groaned in annoyance. “Oh, great. It’s killjoy number two.”

Bewildered, Vlad’s mouth hung open as he processed what he was seeing.

Up near the ceiling was a floating carbon-copy of Danny’s ghost half, identical to Phantom, except for one blatantly obvious detail: he was wearing what appeared to be a bed sheet tied around his neck, and both it and his hair were moving as if there was a gentle breeze constantly blowing, even if that was physically impossible. Vlad nearly believed that he’d finally lost it. “What on earth is going on here?”

“No need to fear, my romantically involved partner, it is only I—Super Danny Phantom!” Phantom announced excitedly, flexing his arms.

“Yeah, okay, whatever. Can you leave now? We were kinda in the middle of something here,” Danny huffed.

Phantom floated down, landing on on the floor with his hands on his

hips and his chest sticking out proudly. He shot a glance from Danny to Vlad with a frown. “This is certainly not the appropriate place to be copulating.”

“Copu-what?” Danny asked.

“I concur,” Vlad said, ignoring the out of character energetic and formal way Phantom was talking in the meantime. “What is the meaning of all this? When did you learn how to multiply yourself, Daniel?”

“Dude, seriously? You’re asking me about math? *Right now*? Ugh, my boner is, like, completely gone.”

“Good, it shouldn’t have been there to begin with,” Vlad muttered, finally moving Danny off of him and standing up. He began buttoning up his jacket.

“This is so lame,” Danny grumbled, standing up as well. “You totally owe me one for interrupting,” he said to Phantom, rudely shoving him.

Phantom glared at Danny. “I was only returning home after patrolling the city for any ghosts that may have been running amuck.”

Danny crossed his arms. “Wow, can you sound any more like a total loser?”

“Better than behaving as an ill-mannered individual,” Phantom retorted.

“Whatever, nerd.”

“Loudmouth.”

“Goody two shoes!”

“Miscreant!”

“I don’t even know what that means!”

“Quiet, both of you!” Vlad blurted out. He sighed, pinching the

bridge of his nose. “Honestly, only a child would bicker with their own self.”

Phantom nodded in agreement and put his hands on his hips. “You’re absolutely right!"

Vlad stared at him for a moment. As much as he was preferring Phantom’s temperament over Danny’s, his boisterous character and presence only succeeded in confusing and irking him further. “I want a thorough explanation of whatever is going on here.”

“Maybe I can be of assistance, my beloved companion,” Phantom told him happily.

Danny rolled his eyes. “Ass-kisser.”

“Language, Daniel,” Vlad chastised, wondering when the teen had started to add foul language to his vocabulary. He turned to Phantom. “Let me rephrase my previous question: when and how did you learn the duplication technique? I have yet to teach you that particular move. And you seem to have executed it in such an advanced way as well,” he said, noting now Danny was able to make a double of his ghost while retaining his human form.

“Oh, right, well…” Phantom paused, holding his chin in his hand with a concentrated look on his face. “Actually, I’m not entirely sure.”

“I beg your pardon?” Vlad asked, his irritation making rounds again.

“I can’t recall the events that led up to duplicating our form. The last thing I remember is waking up in Father’s laboratory, and *he* was there as well.”

“The goody-goody copycat is right,” Danny affirmed. “I dunno what I was doing, but when I woke up down in the basement, *he* was already there, all floaty and stuff.”

Vlad knitted his brows together. “So, you’re experiencing fainting spells as well as amnesia? Plus, the duplication and bizarre behavior… there could be something wrong with the ghost part of you.”

“But I feel totally fine,” Danny said, scratching his cheek.

“As do I!” Phantom exclaimed confidently, floating in the air with his fists on his hips. “I’m sound as a bell—ready to take on any fiend that crosses me!”

“Yeah, and I’m ready to finish what we started,” Danny said with a mischievous smile, interlocking his arm with Vlad’s.

Vlad let out an exasperated breath. “Not this nonsense again.”

He shook his head. Nothing that he was hearing was helping in solving the mystery. But even if there was a proper explanation for Danny’s sudden ability to duplicate, that didn’t clarify the drastic changes in personality coming from the both of them. He was starting to think that there really had been some type of accident that occurred before his arrival.

“How long have you been awake and maintaining this copy of yourself?”

Danny tilted his head. “You mean, how long have we been like this? Uhh, I dunno… like an hour?”

Vlad gaped at Danny. “An *hour*? Daniel, that is far too much time to be sustaining a copy. You’ll be drained of all of your energy at this rate.”

Anyway, this is where I stopped writing, and—as fun as it was to start it—I honestly don't plan on finishing it :(

This is an oldish work, so I can't remember too well how I was going

to continue it. I know that Vlad was eventually going to find out that the cause of Danny's accidental splitting was due to the Fenton Ghost Catcher (but not before suffering more Fun and Super Danny mishaps). Then Vlad would help Danny return back to normal, and then something happens that would have Vlad go through the catcher, giving a brief glimpse into Vlad and Plasmius as separated forms. A terrified Danny looks directly at the camera—breaking the fourth wall—then cartoon iris out, circling his face. Screen goes black. Cue the Looney Toons "That's All Folks!" closing sequence. The end.